Thistle and Wildflower

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Thistle and Wildflower

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

Will stared at Hannibal with wide eyes.

For quite possibly the first time in his life he understood just what Morticia meant when she told Will over his mother's casket *you'll know when you see them*.

EDIT: NOW WITH A PART THREE

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“You seem upset, love.” Morticia looked at her cousin with a graceful tilt of her head. “What’s troubling you?”

Will shrugged, adjusting his hold on Wednesday as the baby reached up to tug at his curls. This was the first day he had free in a while, and he snatched at the opportunity to visit his cousin and her newborn. “Just stressed, that’s all.”

Morticia frowned, reaching over to tuck Will’s hair behind his ears. “You really should quit that god awful job of yours, Will. You look even more ghastly then the last time I saw you.”

“We can’t all marry rich, ‘Ticia.” Will offered her a smile before leaning down to bop noses with Wednesday. She really was quite tiny, although Will had no doubt she would soon be running around the house with Gomez right behind her.

Wednesday gurgled, reaching up to smack her hand against Will’s cheek.

“You must come have dinner with us tomorrow night, and do bring Abigail with you.” Morticia twisted her body on the love seat so she was fully facing Will. “I’ll have Grandmama cook us up a feast.”

“Oh, ‘Ticia, I couldn’t--”

“Nonsense. We all miss you terribly, love.” Morticia’s frown was replaced with a bright smile. “I’ll come tell that Jack character to let you go myself if I must.”

Will ducked his head down, unable to keep the smile from tugging at his lips. “Well, if you put it that way.”

At that moment his phone chirped, vibrating against his thigh and sending Wednesday into a fit of giggles. Will adjusted Wednesday again as he pulled it out of his pocket, letting a low groan leave his lips as he read the text.

“I have to go, I’m sorry.”

“Oh, that’s alright.” Morticia held out her hands as Will gave Wednesday back, tilting his head and accepting the quick kiss she pressed to his cheek. “Just as long as you come back tomorrow night.”

“I will, I promise.”

“You swear it on the grave of Aunt Carmilla?” Morticia asked, arching one eyebrow as Will stood.

“I swear it on the grave of Aunt Carmilla.” Will smiled, then dashed out the door as he phone starting ringing with hurried apologizes to Morticia and Lurch.

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“Jack, why am I here?” Will’s leg was bouncing, his finger tapping against the ceramic of the coffee mug he held between his hands. “You promised you wouldn’t bother me today.”

“Yes, I know, but I really need you to meet someone and this was the only time he was free.” Jack paused in his pacing, finally looking at Will. “You weren't...busy, were you?”

Will frowned. “I was with my cousin and niece.”

Jack winced. “Sorry.”

Will opened his mouth to retort, but there was a soft knocking at the door and Jack was brushing past him to open it. Will huffed, sinking lower into the chair as he sipped at his coffee. It was still much too hot, but he enjoyed the burn.

“Will, this is Hannibal Lecter. Doctor Lecter, Will Graham.” Will sat up a little straighter as Jack and Hannibal entered the room. “He’s agreed to do your psych eval.”

Will stared at Hannibal with wide eyes. For quite possibly the first time in his life he understood just what Morticia meant when she told Will over his mother's casket *you’ll know when you see them*. But then he registered the words *psych eval* and Will’s wide eyes quickly narrowed.

“Really? This is what you called me for?”

Jack was frowning again. “Yes, Will. You know I can’t let you out into the field until you’re cleared.”

“Come on, Jack, I’ve seen a lot worse than a man getting stabbed.”

“Yes, but this is the first time *you’ve* done the stabbing.” Jack’s frown was getting deeper. “Self defense or not, it’s still a traumatic event.”

Well, it wasn’t *technically* the first time Will’s stabbed someone. But Jack didn’t need to know that.

“May I speak to Mr. Graham alone for a moment, Jack?” Hannibal’s voice was soft and melodic, and Will could feel his heart skip a beat.

“Yes, of course.” Jack leveled another glare at Will before leaving the office.

Will took a sip from his mug to distract himself as Hannibal turned his gaze towards him.

“I take it Jack didn’t inform you I was coming?”

“No,” Will clutched the mug tighter between his palms. His cheeks felt flush. “I have a thing with psychiatrists.” Then, in a fit of bravery, “Call me Will.”

“Then I must insist you call me Hannibal.” he had crossed the room till he was in front of Will, perching himself on Jack’s desk as he gave Will a soft smile and wicked eyes.

Will lifted the coffee mug to his mouth to hide his own smile. “I think I can do that.”

Will’s phone buzzed again, and he couldn’t help but scowl as he thought that the pesky little device had awful timing today. He set his mug down on Jack’s desk, next to Hannibal, pulling his phone out of his pocket and quickly skimming over the text.

It was from Abigail, informing him fencing practice was over.

“I’m sorry--I have to go get my daughter from practice--”

“I understand, Will.” Hannibal caught Will’s hands in his own, and Will felt himself blushing all over again. “Perhaps we could meet at my office tomorrow, when we have more time.”

“I--yeah, I’d like that.” Will swallowed. He was still holding Hannibal’s hands. “Any particular time you want me to show up?”

“Is noon a suitable time?” Hannibal let go of Will’s hands, and Will tried very hard not to mourn the loss of it.

“Yeah, that perfect.” Will watched Hannibal take out a business card from the inside pocket of his suit jacket, his eyes following Hannibal’s hand as he wrote something on the back with a flourish.

“My cell, if you should need me before then.” Hannibal offered the card to Will, taking his hands in his again.

“Thank you.” It took everything Will had to pry himself away from Hannibal. He gave him one more smile before he dashed out of Jack’s office and the academy building and to his car, and he couldn’t help but think how ecstatic Morticia was going to be when she found out.

Will took a moment to compose himself before he drove the ten minutes to Abigail's high school.

She was already waiting outside, and she gave him a bright smile and a wave as Will popped the trunk. Abigail loaded her gear in, and Will heard her slam the trunk shut as she circled around to the passenger side door.

“What took you so long?” were the first words out of her mouth as she climbed in.

“Jack.” was Will’s answer.

Abigail hummed, snagging the aux cord. She wasted no time in plugging her phone in, and Will didn't know if he should laugh or cry when the first song that played was one of those cheesy love songs Abigail was so fond of.

“I think I might have met him today.” Will blurted it out before he could even think to stop himself.

“Met who?” Abigail blinked, putting on her seat belt as Will pulled out of the little drop off center. “Don’t tell me you’re starting to believe Aunt Morticia’s true love nonsense.”

“I don’t know.” Will was smiling again. He couldn’t seem to stop. “Why don’t you take it up with her tomorrow night?”

That seemed to distract Abigail. “We’re going over for dinner tomorrow?”

Will nodded, slapping on his blinker as he pulled out of the school drive. “I swore it on Aunt Carmilia’s grave.”

Abigail was ecstatic the entire drive back to Wolf Trap, and she even took the dogs out for their walk without too much needling from Will.

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The next day Will found himself in the waiting room of Hannibal’s office at exactly 11:53, and six minutes later the door to the office opened.

“I’ll see you next week, Franklyn.” Hannibal was practically pushing the portly man out, and when he looked up and caught Will’s eyes Will’s heart quickened. “Hello, Will.”

“Hi, Hannibal.” Will almost hated how breathless he sounded.

“Please, come in.” Hannibal held the door open wider, and Will was all too happy to slip past the gaping man and into Hannibal’s office. It was warm, cozy--it reminded him a bit of Gomez’s own office.

Hannibal closed the door, and then they were left staring at each other.

“As loath as I am to make you uncomfortable, I did promise Jack a report today.” Hannibal’s tone was apologetic, but his eyes held something completely different.

“I figured as much.” Will started a slow walk around the office. He wanted to take everything in. “Where should we start then?”

“Why don’t you tell me your version of events?”

“I was chasing a suspect. He threatened me, and I threatened him back.” Will stopped at Hannibal’s desk, then looked up. “A knife was the only thing I had on me.”

“No gun?” Hannibal was walking towards him.

“I’m not very fond of guns.” Will offered. “Knives are much more intimate, don’t you think?”

Hannibal faltered in his steps, but only for a moment. “Intimate enough to stab a man nineteen times?”

“Wouldn’t you say so?” Will turned around so his back was to the desk.

“Why would you think that?” Hannibal asked.

“I must confess, I have a bit of a penchant for knives.” Will gave a slow and coy smile. “ ‘Ticia and I used to play autopsy all the time when we were young, and I suppose it just stuck with me.”

“ ‘Ticia?”

“Morticia, my cousin.” Hannibal was a lot closer now. Will leaned back against the desk, bracing his hands on the wood as he peered up at Hannibal. “She’s married now--found someone who liked to play autopsy as much as she did.”

“And what about you, dear Will?” the name sent a thrill down Will’s spine. “Have you found someone like that?”

Will gave a low hum. “I think that I might just be looking at him.”

Hannibal’s breath hitched. His eyes flicked to the scalpel on his desk, and Will’s smile grew.

“Are you thinking of stabbing me, Hannibal?”

“What would you say if I was?” Hannibal was now right between Will’s legs, hands pressing down on Will’s as he boxed him in.

“I’d say that I’d like it.”

Then Hannibal was kissing him, and Will let out a rather obscene moan as he arched up into it. Hannibal brought his hands to Will’s waist, pulling him closer as Will hooked one leg around Hannibal’s thighs. Will brought his own hands up to card through Hannibal’s hair, letting out a groan as Hannibal bit his lip and pushed his tongue inside his mouth.

When Hannibal pulled away his lips were red. Will wanted to lick it off.

“Come for dinner tonight.” Hannibal was breathing hard. His grip on Will’s hips didn’t loosen.

“I would love too, but I swore on my aunt’s grave I’d be at my cousins tonight.” Will stopped fighting the urge, and he leaned up to kiss away the blood he left on Hannibal’s lips.

“Tomorrow night then.”

“Tomorrow night.” Will agreed.

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“Will!” Will accepted the rough hug Gomez pulled him into. “It’s been much too long, my friend!”

“Yes, it really has.”

“Uncle Gomez!”

“Abigail!” Gomez lit up, letting go of Will to sweep Abigail up into his arms. “How have you been, my dear? How is your fencing coming along?”

“I’ve been good--and I’ve joined the fencing team at school.” She managed to wiggle out of Gomez’s arms.

Gomez lit up. “You must show me. Come! Come!”

He carted Abigail off to the study just as Morticia came in with Wednesday on her hip.

“Will, love,” She greeted him with a kiss to the cheek, mindful to not crush Wednesday, then looked around the room. “Where is Abigail?”

“You husband whisked her away.” Will answered, giving Wednesday a smile and a wave. Then he straightened, glancing over Morticia’s shoulder. “What about Pugsley?”

“He’s in the kitchen with Grandmama.” Morticia hooked her free arm with Will’s, pulling him off to the parlor. “You look better than yesterday. What happened?”

Will smiled. “I met someone.”

Morticia gasped, then she was grinning. She tugged Will onto the love seat they had been sitting on yesterday, setting Wednesday in her lap as she turned all her attention to Will. “You must tell me all about them.”

“His name in Hannibal.” Will offered up his hand to Wednesday, who kept reaching for it. “He’s the Chesapeake Ripper.”

Morticia blinked, then she was smiling again. “That’s quite the catch you’ve made.”

“Yeah,” Will looked down to Wednesday. “Yeah, it is.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Don’t come home tonight, alright?”

Will rolled his eyes at his daughter as she shoved him out the door.

“Have fun, love!” Morticia waved him off. She had agreed to let Abigail stay with them tonight (*it’s no trouble love--you know how much we adore Abigail*) because Will was always apprehensive about leaving her at Wolf Trap alone. She was more than capable of defending herself, of course, but he was a father first and foremost and fathers, as Will tended to fine, always worried.

And, as much as Will rolled his eyes at their teasing, he was hoping he wouldn’t have to go home tonight.

Will climbed into the car, starting the short journey into downtown Baltimore.

That was another reason Will asked Abigail to stay with Morticia tonight. They were closer to Baltimore than Will was, and just in case something did go wrong he could get to Abigail a lot faster.

Hannibal’s home had just as much grandeur as the Addams estate did.

Will couldn’t quite keep the grin off his face as he pulled up the drive. He parked next to the bentley, his smile getting a little wider as Hannibal opened the door to the house as Will got out of the car.

“Hello, Will.”

“Hi.”

Will kissed him, because he could and because he liked the danger of it.

Hannibal kissed him back, bringing his hand to Will’s waist and squeezing. Will groaned into it, pulling apart and looking at Hannibal with bright eyes.

“I have dinner cooking inside.” Hannibal breathed it out.

“Who is it?” Will asked.

Hannibal blinked, then smiled, looking like he was entirely smitten. Will didn’t bother trying to fight down the butterflies in his chest.

“The tax collector.”

Will smiled again. “Sounds delightful.”

“Let’s go inside before you catch cold.” Hannibal moved his hand to the small of Will’s back, gently leading him inside the house. His hand was warm and solid and Will didn’t ever want Hannibal to take it back.

Unfortunately he did, letting it fall on Will’s cheek a moment later as he kissed him again.

Will sighed into it, chasing after Hannibal as he pulled away.

“Let me take your coat for you.” Hannibal mumbled it, keeping his fingertips on Will’s jaw as he let his eyes roam over him.

“If you insist.” Will gave him a coy smile as he shrugged out of his jacket. Hannibal’s eyes followed the motion, his hands trailing down Will’s arms and chasing after the coat. Will watched him, leaning back against the wall as Hannibal draped the coat over his arm and wrapped his fingertips around Will’s waist.

“How did you know?” Hannibal asked, pushing himself flush against Will.

“I have a gift for it.” Will lifted his own hands, letting them fall on Hannibal’s shoulders before skidding down his back. “And if you’ve met my family, well…”

Will left it at that with a little smile. “I don’t plan to turn you in. I like you too much.”

“I didn’t think you would.” Hannibal’s lips were ghosting over Will’s jaw.

Will tilted his head, thinking Hannibal was going to kiss him again. Instead he pulled away, dropping his fingers from Will’s waist and taking a step back. Will sighed, watching Hannibal stretch his muscles and hang up Will’s coat on the rack.

The shirt Hannibal had on was tight, thin and white.

Will suspected he did it on purpose.

“Let’s go to the kitchen, Dear Will.”

Will’s heart skipped a beat at that. *Dear Will*.

Hannibal’s hand was back on the small of Will’s back, and Will was entirely unashamed at how blatantly he leaned into it. Hannibal just smiled at him, leading him to the kitchen. He set Will in front of the kitchen island, pouring him a glass of wine before walking--sauntering more like--to the stove.

Will leaned against the granite, picking up the glass and swirling it a bit before taking a sip.

It was bitter.

He liked it.

“When did you kill him?”

Hannibal stirred at something in a saucepan--Will had no idea what it was but it smelled wonderful.

“Just this morning,” Hannibal looked back at him. “I wanted to have fresh meat for you.”

Will sighed, light and pleased. “I wish I could have seen it.”

“You can, if you wish. No one has found the body yet.”

Will smiled. “After dinner?”

“Of course.”

--

Hannibal had taken Will out to the woods after they ate, his hand warm on his back.

“It’s beautiful.” Will breathed it out, his breath curling in the night air. “Absolutely *beautiful*.”

Limbs were splayed wide, a throat cut and mouth cut and cracked open, the abdomen wide and gaping and cleaned out, eyes murky from death, the snow around it completely cleared of blood.

“Not as beautiful as you, Dear Will.” Will turned to look at Hannibal, who was looking at him like he had scattered the stars across the sky. “You are absolutely, entirely divine.”

Will kissed him and Hannibal kissed him back with just as much fever.

Will ended up with his back against a tree, leg hiked up around Hannibal’s waist with Hannibal kissing his way down his neck. Will threw his head back, digging his fingers in Hannibal’s coat and pulling him as close as he possibly could.

“The next one will be for you.”

Will gasped, grinding his hips against Hannibal’s. “You--house--take me back to the house--”

Hannibal smiled against his skin.

--

“It went well?”

Morticia was giving Will that smile as he walked into the Addams estate the next morning wearing clothes that weren't his.

“He’s perfect, ‘Tisca.” Will gave a happy sigh. “Absolutely perfect.”

Chapter End Notes

due to popular demand, I have written a part two

((maybe more? maybe not?))

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

These past few weeks had been wonderful. Absolutely stupendous, as Gomez liked to say.

Hannibal had left him bodies and flowers, had brought gifts to Abigail, had cooked the meat he had caught for Will, had fed him and kissed him and ravished him and covered them both in blood on the nights they went out for the hunt.

He had been everything Morticia had promised Will he would find.

“So, when do we get to meet him?”

Will blinked slowly, looking up from his phone at Gomez. “What?”

“Your new lover,” Gomez grinned, sparking up a cigar. “When will we meet him?”

“Oh. Um--”

“Don’t push him, darling.” Morticia looked up from her knitting (*a new scarf for you, Will. Your other one is becoming so ragged*) giving her husband a small chastising smile. “He’s shy, you know that.”

Will wanted to argue that he was not, but he would be wrong.

“I’ll ask him if he wants to come over for dinner.”

“Oh, Will, love, would you?” Morticia was looking at Will now, who gave a smile and a nod. He did want Hannibal to meet the Addams’--they were his family, after all. “That would be wonderful!”

“Stupendous, my dear boy. Absolutely stupendous!” Gomez had scooped Will up, and was waltzing them around the living room as Wednesday giggled happily from her spot on the rug.

--

“My family wants to meet you.” Will brought it up a few days later, when he and Abigail were over at Hannibal’s for dinner. “Gomez and Morticia.”

“Do they?” Hannibal looked up from the meat he had been slowly and carefully dicing.

It was the liver from the mail man.

“They’re getting curious.” Will eyed the knife. He wondered if he could get Hannibal to use it tonight.

“More like demanding.” Abigail piped up from the kitchen island. She was studying for an anatomy exam, and had opted to stay in the kitchen to ask Hannibal for help because *he eats people, Dad. He totally knows more than you*. “You never shut up about him.”

Hannibal looked to Will with a smile.

Will offered a shrug and a blush. “What can I say? You’re my favorite topic of conversation.”

“My Dear Will--”

“Ah--no, don’t be gross in front of me!” Abigail propped her book up, glaring at them from over the top of it.

Hannibal kissed Will anyway.

(Will had gotten Hannibal to use the knife later. He had shown up to work with bruises on his wrists and cuts on his chest and wouldn’t explain it to anybody.)

--

They set a time, Hannibal had been barred from bringing any food to the dinner (*It’s a tradition, Hannibal. They cook for you the first time, then after that it's a free for all*), and then the night was upon them and Will was telling Hannibal he looked fine as they drove to pick up Abigail from a study group.

“It’ll be fine, babe.” it was a new thing Will was trying out. He thought he liked it. “You could show up naked and they wouldn’t care.”

“Yes, well, I would like to make a good first impression for your family.”

Will couldn’t quite keep the dopiness out of his smile.

“They already love you.” Will reached across the console, cupping Hannibal’s jaw in his palms. “Because I love you.”

Then he kissed him.

Hannibal leaned into it, bringing up his own hands to tangle in Will’s hair. Hannibal tugged Will over the console, and Will had to drop his hands to brace on the console to keep himself steady. He tilted his head to get a better angle, letting out a soft little moan as Hannibal bit his bottom lip.

Will was in the process of undoing his seatbelt so he could climb into Hannibal's lap when Abigail let out a gag from outside the car.

"Why do you two always do this?" She opened the back car door, giving her friends a quick wave as she climbed in. "I mean, I'm happy for you, don't get me wrong, but having your dad and his boyfriend make out in the school parking lot—"

"Oh, hush." Will reached a hand back to swat at her before putting the car back into drive.

--

"Abigail, my dear!" Gomez scooped up Abigail in a hug as soon as Lurch opened the door for Will. "How are you? How have you been?"

"You just saw me last night--" Abigail squeaked it out, letting out a little shriek as Gomez spun her around.

"But a lot can happen between then and now. For instant, Pugsley has acquired a pet spider! Devious little thing—we've lost him six times already."

"Pugsley or the spider?" Abigail asked.

Gomez blinked. "Why, the spider, of course. We've only lost Pugsley once."

Then Gomez noticed Hannibal, and he set Abigail down and turned all his attention to him.

"You must be Hannibal!" Gomez clasped both of Hannibal's hands in his. "Our dear boy has told us so much about you!"

And then Hannibal was whisked off, leaving Will, Abigail and Lurch in the doorway.

Will blinked. "I'm gonna—I'm gonna go after them."

"Have fun!" Abigail waved him off while Lurch grunted.

Will took off down the hall and into the main house, scooping up a wandering Wednesday on the way. She squealed at Will hoisted her up, smiling and digging her fingers in his shirt and bopping her nose against Will's cheek. He smiled, pressing a quick kiss to the top of her head as he went into the living room.

Hannibal was there with Gomez and Morticia.

"Will!" Morticia lit up when she saw him. "I was just telling our darling Hannibal about the first time you told us about him."

Will flushed.

“I see you’ve found our little Wednesday!” Gomez took her from Will, kissing her nose before handing her right back. “She’s just learned to crawl. It’s an absolute devil to keep track of her.”

“Yes, it is rather difficult to keep them in one place.” Hannibal was giving Will a fond smile. Will smiled back, having to look away as Wednesday yanked on his hair.

“Do you have children?”

“Ah, no. I have a little sister who I took care of in our youth.” Hannibal finally looked away from Will. “She chose to stay in Italy instead of coming to the states with me, but we are still quite close. We exchange letters every week.”

“That’s wonderful, my dear.” Morticia placed a hand over her heart. “I don’t know what I would have done if I lost contact with Will. Why, I’m closer to him that my own sister. Of course, we tend to not speak of my sister. She died a few years ago--murdered by her husband.”

Hannibal tilted his head. “Oh?”

“I do hate to speak ill of the dead, but she had it coming.” Morticia sighed, then clapped her hands and smiled. “Let me take you to the kitchen to meet Grandmama. Will tells me you’re quite the chef yourself.”

Then Morticia was leading Hannibal off.

Gomez hummed, propping his elbow up on Will’s shoulder and pulling out his pipe. “Quite a handsome devil, isn’t he?”

Will sighed happily, adjusting his hold on Wednesday as she burrowed into his neck. “Yes. He is.”

Gomez laughed. “Why, I don’t think I’ve ever seen you this enamored before.”

Will just sighed again.

Seeing Hannibal fit in so well with his family was making his heart do funny things.

“I think I’m going to marry him, Gomez.”

“Best get on that then, my boy.” Gomez slapped a hand to his back. “Or else someone might just kill you over him.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I have yet to lose a duel, Gomez. I doubt it’s going to start now.”

“No, probably not.” Gomez looked to will, smiling at him around his pipe. “Still, it’s never good to wait on these things.”

“Where’s Hannibal?”

Will turned around. Abigail was standing behind them, Pugsley perched on her hip and a spider on her shoulder.

“In the kitchen.” Gomez answered. “And I see you’ve found the little devil.”

Will wasn’t sure if he was speaking about the spider or Pugsley.

“He was up in the vents.” Abigail answered, then disappeared off to the kitchen.

Will caught Grandmama saying *it makes a wonderful spice, arsenic does. Especially with rare steaks* and Hannibal replying with a rather intrigued *really?* Before the door swung shut again. Hannibal was getting along with Grandmama, and that was simply--well, simply stupendous, to steal Gomez’s words.

“You can have Aunt Regina’s ring, if you want.” Gomez gave him a wink, then bounded off into the kitchen. He came right back out a few moments later with Grandmama swatting a spoon at him.

Will sighed again.

He did want Aunt Regina’s ring.

Chapter End Notes

I keep coming back to this

its like my way to de-stress. That, and Gomez is incredibly fun to write

((shhhh don't let anyone know Mischa's still alive))

End Notes

I might write a part two. I just really didn't want to do my German project so I wrote this instead.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!